SAWDUST

OCTOBER - 1944

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"Inyo-Mono: The Last Great Stronghold of American Traditions and Western Philosophy"

Heads or Tails

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF GENERAL INTEREST ISSUED BY THE LONE PINE LUMBER & SUPPLY CO. FOR COMPLIMENTARY CIRCULATION AMONG ITS FRIENDS, CUSTOMERS AND CUSTOMERS-TO-BE.

To A Friend . . .

"I love you not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you.

"I love you not only for what you have made of yourself, but for what you are making of me.

"I love you for the part of me that you bring out.

"I love you for putting your hand into my heaped-up heart and passing over all the foolish and frivolous and weak things that you can't help dimly seeing there, and for drawing out into the light all the beautiful radiant belongings that no one else had looked quite far enough to find.

"I love you for ignoring the possibilities of the fool and weakling in me, and for laying firm hold on the possibilities of the good in me.

"I love you for closing your ears to the discords in me, and for adding to the music in me by worshipful listening.

"I love you because you are helping me to make of the timber of my life not a tavern, but a temple, and of the words of my every day not a reproach, but a song.

"I love you because you have done more than any creed could have done to make me happy.

"You have done it without a touch, without a word, without a sign.

"You have done it first, by being yourself.

"After all, perhaps this is what being a friend means."

—Mary Carolyn Davies

Founded A. D. 1919
by
Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow

Rudie Henderson
Edward Hjeltness
Guy Martin
Florence Adair
Albert Sainz
Cruz Sainz
O. H. Honerlah
Amanda Lasky
Chas. E. Ellis
Orin F. Dearborn
Walter Santos

●

E. P. Fitzgerald
Lee Meyers
Tom Hancock

●

Jimmy-the-Red, Mascot

●

Chalfant Press, Printers

FRIENDS . . .

On the opposite page is a selection that we have heard many times on Ted Lenz' after-midnight broadcast over San Francisco's KPO. In cold print it lacks the throat-lumping impact of its radio rendition to the music of Wayne King's orchestra.

This writer, as detailed in "Strictly Personal" this month, visited friends of his childhood and youth. Those Hoosiers are old friends. Californians, who have become friends in the past 20 years, are newer friends. One is inclined to ask whether new friends who are worthy of friendship are to be preferred to old friends? The question is unworthy of a human being, for there should be no surfeit of friendship as there is of other things.

There were old friends who did not seem to be such in this writer's childhood. For example: school teachers. How good it seemed to see them again and apprise them with a matured mind! As a youngster, I could scarcely realize they were my guides, philosophers and friends. Aside from my own worthy parents, they had more influence in moulding character, than all others. As Lincoln said, character is like a tree and reputation like its shadow. The shadow is what we think of it; the tree is the real thing.

A divine person is the prophesy of the mind; a friend is the hope of the heart. And yet, it is strange that a man can always tell how many cows or sheep he has, but he cannot tell how many friends he has, so slight is the value he puts upon them. Nothing but heaven itself is better than a friend, for he or she is a person with whom you dare to be yourself.

SENTENTIOUS ANCEDOTES

Baited

I've got a lot more to say along these lines (journalism schools), and if you don't go to sleep on me, I'll beat my gums about it. If, after I state my full case, you still feel critical, I'll have to take it.—Major Roy L. French, Director, School of Journalism, USC.

● A worried reader carefully noting that SAWDUST frequently "takes pot-shots" beginning with a full page in October, 1942, at docile, Sinatra-resembling, malnutritioned Major Roy L. French, wonders whether we are trying to create reader interest ala-Jack Benny vs. Fred Allen, or, violently dislike him?

1—SAWDUST finds it unprofitable with free circulation, to create reader interest.

2—Benny vs. Allen comparison is inept. Benny and Allen each control a microphone. Major French controls two well equipped printing plants and three newspapers; SAWDUST doesn't even own a press to print on!—yet.

3—Bombastically disrespectful at times, SAWDUST quietly esteems Major French for his deep sense of humor (of which we take liberties); his more than two decades capable pedagogy at USC; his added duties, paternalistically re-orienting dislocated and disillusioned Veterans —with a capital V—recently TIME-tetched & bungled, which we predict will be interestingly detailed in a national weekly in the not distant future.—Ed.

Homespun

Life in an Army camp is certainly brightened by such memories from the past as SAWDUST recalls. Will you let me know in what issue of the SEP the article about Father Crowley appeared? —Owen Mello, Lincoln Army Air Field, Neb.

● May 20, 1944.—Ed.

Floriferous Request

I happened to see . . . SAWDUST . . . if possible would like to subscribe for it because I don't know if I will ever be one of your customers, as I am in "The Land of Sunshine" and you are in the "Sunshine State."—Lacy D. Croft, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.

● One of increasingly many requests that puzzle us. Non-localites miss many points vaguely treated in SAWDUST. How well might new-reader-Croft be mystified at this reference in August "Wallpaper": 'Charlie Cord was present both times, and didn't ask anyone to pass the mustard.' Nevertheless SAWDUST adds with pleasure another name to our list of non-customers-to-be in "The Land of Sunshine."—Ed.

Challenger

Regards SAWDUST, I didn't like the word "fairly" good wife in regard to Louise. We all know she has been a good wife to you. Just who were you trying to kid, anyway?—Mrs. Mary Journigan, Whittier, Cal.

● We should have been a bit more lilting. To be called merely Braggadocchio would be pleasantly mild.—Ed.

Pine Dust

I often wonder how they can make so much sawdust out of that lone pine.—C. T. Hodgman, Berkeley, Cal.

● "The roses wither and the lilies pine."—Ed.

Fidelity

Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

Lone Pine's 13-year-old Norman Kelley missed a couple of weeks of school last month. Norman, who has never taken a singing lesson, participated in a series of amateur contests sponsored by the Lone Pine Lions Club and Chamber of Commerce, under direction of radio announcer Bill Sharples. He won. Pictured above, is Norman and Bill Sharples practicing for the 30-minutes KMTR Saturday night program dedicated to Lone Pine's Community Plunge, and entitled "The Old Swimmin' Hole". Harry Vonzell officiated as announcer, Bill Sharples narrated local events and personalities, and Norman creditably sang three solos in his heart-tingling boy-soprano.

STRICTLY PERSONAL . . .

HOOSIER INTERLUDE

Oct. 15—Sunday luncheon at Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Dow's Whittier home as served by solicitous Sun Ki Gee . . . Thence to shoot the first movies of 3-weeks-old nephew John Harley . . . To Los Angeles' Union Station after picking up mother on South Burlington . . . Mr. & Mrs. Twohy were at the station with a boxful of assorted Santa Fe, Webster, Optimo and Antonio & Cleopatra cigars for the jaunt . . . Charlie Sumner failed to appear, although we later learned it was due to parking difficulties, and we were unable to deliver his mail to him . . . Aboard Union Pacific's 17-car streamliner "City of Los Angeles." Jimmy-the-Red running alongside as it slowly picked up speed, wistfully yearning to go along with his dad and brother Rudie II . . . Into the lounge car, "Little Nugget," surprised to recognize John Long, Executive Secy., California Newspaper Publishers' Assn. Parried with the greeting: "Can it be that I have the rare and undue pleasure of gazing upon none other than John Longfellow?" He muffed recognition. So we groused: "That's gratitude. After spending several thousand dollars with you on a certain abortive congressional campaign two years ago, you can still afford to not know me!" From then on the bars were down, and he was a constant pal of Rudie II's all the way to Chicago . . . Into the diner for dinner, watching from the window the swerving streamliner snake up Cajon Pass in the twilight, with—of all things—a steam tea-kettle chortling in deep-throated glee as it gave the new-

" . . DAD, NOT A DAY OLDER"

fangled train a tow . . .Conducted Rudie II the full length of the train, and back to our bedroom to tickle the old alfalfa at—Horrors!—8:00 o'clock . . .Told Rudie II he didn't need to go to bed. He expressed hesitancy about running the length of the train, due to the possibility of his not being desired. Set asside his fears by quietly informing him that kid or not, he was on a full fare ticket and was entitled to every privilege of any adult, except smokes and certain kinds of drinks in the lounge car, and off he dashed until midnight . . .Off the train for a few minutes respite next morning at Ogden . . .Rudie II paused to admire one of many four-wheeled, steel-rimmed, baggage trucks, and opined that one would make a swell cart for his horse Ginger . . . Late afternoon, clipping down the long tangents on the east slope of the Continental Divide, we stood on the rear platform and clocked the Streamliner's

speed by the mile posts, registering from 110 to 120 miles per hour. . . . Listened to Dewey's St. Louis speech over the "Little Nugget's" radio, and noting my obvious pleasure at his forthright comments about Truman and his Boss Pendergast's machine connections, a draft-aged New York Jew (by later admission) together with his youthful companion, had the effrontery to attempt a New Deal conversion. Even Rudie II gazed in pop-eyed, open-mouthed and grinning astonishment. However, we exhibited startling paternalistic patience, and after the young Hebrew's companion departed for more fertile fields, we dismissed him with the elementary reasoning: "You've never known anything but the Raw Deal. Were I as young as you, there would be enough gambling instinct in me to at least be desirous of satisfying my curiosity as to what something different might be." . . . Thence to bed. . . . Tuesday morning we rolled, non-stop, across the full width of up-state Illinois into Chicago, on time. . . . . By Parmelee Transfer over Chicago's jolting cobblestones to dingy Dearborn Station, to miss by seconds the C&EI train to Terre Haute. . . . Another would be but an hour, so we took Rudie II over to Michigan Avenue and on to the Illinois Central crossover opposite the huge Stevens Hotel . . . Pointed out Lake Michigan to the offspring, and he swore he could see land on the other side. Some eye-sight! . . . Among other things pointed out the Wrigley Tower, blocks north, and he suggested we might be able to buy chewing gum there. . . . Back to the Dearborn Station, and so appalled at the long ticket line, we detoured it and used our return tickets to California to crash the gate. . . Not having seats, we boarded the train and took chairs in the observation car, and when well out of Chicago, satisfactorily adjusted the matter with the conductor, although we were compelled to remain there. . . . The C&EI boasts: "The Boulevard of Steel." If and when they use steel compared with the PRR and learn to spike it down without kinking, they'll probably term it "The Sleeky Glide of Steel." . . . Into terrible Terry Hut in the smog of dusk and there was old Dad, all grins, not looking a day older, to welcome and chauffeur us the 16 miles to hometown Brazil. . . Street lights were silently pinpricking the early October night with a fuzzy glow as we rolled along a strange Main Street of America. Strange, because electric interurban tracks were gone that had been there as long as I could remember . . . Thence to 617 N. Meridian Street for another welcome from Mother Grace and a home-coming dinner in her own inimitable style. . . They answered questions, questions, questions. . . Thence down town with Rudie II to point out such nostalgic spots as the Lark, where his father last worked prior to going to California; the Times office; and many other places that he glanced at with polite and bored interest. . . . Back to 617 N. Meridian so Rudie II could go to bed, and again back to Main Street, alone, to saunter and to search the faces of passersby for at least one person I knew, until midnight, when the city was buttoned up—not even a cafe open. How different than little Lone Pine where more interesting things often begin at midnight. Back to Dad's home with a queer feeling of being from another life in my complete fail-

ure to see a familiar face in very familiar surroundings. . . . To breakfast not too early the next morning, and to visit Grace's mother, Mrs. Banta, 94 years of age, temporarily ill, and as keen and mentally alert as a debutante. . . . Rudie II was intrigued by her parrot. . . Admired daughter Mae's portraits and still lives, and quietly mused at the fabulous prices the household furnishings would bring from antique-crazed Beverly Hillians. . . To Rotary Club luncheon with Dad where the ice was broken with a resounding crash by a myriad of familiar faces from President Joe Badger, up. To be sure, some were a bit more roly-poly, many of the heads a bit bald, a few a bit more weather-beaten, but after all, I, too, looked and felt every bit of my fortyishness. One of the ladies serving the Rotarians was Miss Glenn, a school teacher of mine in the second and third grades. . . . Back to Main Street to begin the first of my daily visits to the Times office. All were there except Herbert Potts, long dead, and John Frew, who taught me more than any other, the printer's trade, now in another shop, and Ralph Plumb, on vacation. George James as brisk as ever; Jimmy Raper as quiet and handsome as always; the back shop boys: Jim Asdale, "Red" Lewis, Horace Earley, still the same grand guys, despite the fact they were instrumental on behalf of the Typographical Union in getting me kicked out of the old Review back-shop, more than two decades ago, because I made one too many apprentices. That was a louse of a shop anyway. Besides, it was a Democrat sheet. . . . Down to the old Pennsylvania Station, built prior to the Civil War, where Dad, Agent and Yardmaster, started working more than 45 years ago as assistant freight handler at $1.35 per 12-hour day, and where I was fabulously paid at the age of 15 and 16 years during World War I through the benevolence of Wm. G. McAdoo, Director General of Railroads. He had his name printed on everything except the toilet paper, and I am not so sure that it wasn't on the wrappers. . . . Thence to Senior High School to see the classroom, auditorium, old gymnasium and wood-working shop. Encountered Gertrude "Tude" Andrews in the school library, and Hugh Hicks in his mechanical drawing class. Astounded by their appearances. As members of the faculty while a youth, they looked and seemed older then, than now. . . . Informed Hugh Hicks that perhaps because of the business I am now in, I sincerely believed I derived more value from his vigorous instructions in wood work and mechanical drawing, than any other high school course . . . Was glad to see Miss Bishop also, despite the fact, if my recollection serves me correctly, she mercilessly flunked me in Latin. I unjustifiably believed then, it was to prove that she was not overly awed by my dad on the school board. Whatever it was, I can brag that I once flunked. . . . Dad and Grace were having difficulty in properly designating the two Rudies and wondered how Louise managed to call the right one. She uses different inflections. One felt that Rudie II should be called Sandy, the other Rusty. So, Rusty it was, from that day on. How apropos for everything except horseflesh! . . . Thursday, Dad, Rusty and I, rolled to Terre Haute out over the Wabash ("On

the Banks of the Wabash" and "Wabash Blues") and into Illinois where U. S. 40 is largely bricked. . . . Brief stops were made at Martinsville where Rusty evinced his keen interest in livestock by climbing in, over and around a car of chickens; at Casey where he sweated shovelling soy beans into a box car; and into Effingham where his dad resided for a couple of years when 11 and 12. . . . Looked at the old home at 312 Crawford Avenue; at the college yard across the street, the college long since razed by fire, residences now covering the site; down the modernized road to Salt Creek to see the old swimmin' holes: Penny Hole and Nickle Hole, and wondering if that muddy creek was as stinking, stagnant and small, 30 years ago as now; traced by car my first paper route through the northwest part of town, pointing out the spot where I found a crisp five dollar bill on the brick walk (and have never felt luckier since). . . Back to Brazil for a steak dinner.

A full ten days before Hallowe'en, Rusty marvelled and perhaps received inspiration to correct the situation back in Lone Pine: That Hallowe'en is not a one-night's debauch, but an event of two weeks or more duration, as practiced in Indiana. . . . Friday, most of the relatives were invited to dinner, followed by hours of movies of Lone Pine. . . . Severe let-down: My only surviving uncle an OPA enforcement officer. . . . Downtown, alone, after midnight, surprised to find a hamburger joint still open. Not hungry, but still looking for old friends. Hamburger and coke only 15c. Lone Pine's price: 35c plus 1c tax. But I believe it's easier to earn the 35c. . . . Moseying around the westend, I encountered night officer Walter Jackson. Despite changing administrations, he was still a cop, more trim than ever. . . . Dammit, don't Hoosiers ever get old? Back to the police station with him, and upon entering, he loudly announced to night-desk sergeant Stigler that he had a "pickup" for questioning. . . . Shook hands, sat down and started to reminisce, when a couple more cops slipped behind me. They seemed to literally appear out of thin air. I was glad I wasn't a pickup! . . . In early war hysteria days, there had been blackouts in that city, plunked almost in the center of the United States. In Lone Pine we had neither blackouts nor dimouts and 10,000 Japs quartered nine miles from town. Something good could be written about the psychology of fear. The home town was not to blame, it was mandatory throughout the Mississippi Valley. The New Deal "planned it that way." . . Home at 3:00 a. m. . . Saturday morning, I began composing long and insulting telegrams, definitely unessential insofar as Western Union was concerned, to numerous individuals back in Lone Pine. Perhaps the less said of them the better. Nevertheless, one to Bob Bryerton had the misfortune of being exhibited by Ben Baker to friend wife and she mildly commented: "I didn't know you could send stuff like that by telegraph." . . . Motored to Terre Haute, Saturday evening, and picked up a well dressed hitchhiker at Wabash and 2nd Street, who wanted a ride to 25th. He learned I was from California and asserted that 30 years ago

he owned a drug store in Hollywood at Prospect and Vine, now Hollywood Blvd. and Vine. Said it was too late to go back as he had been with the Income Tax Division of the Internal Revenue Service for 27 years, would soon be eligible for a pension, and would then retire to Florida where he now had property. At 25th Street, he said it wasn't the right place. Drove on a couple of blocks while he tried vainly to adjust his bearings. Still vague, he got out at my invitation, stating he would get a bus back to town to reorient himself. Migawd, I had suspicioned Income Tax field men were like that, and in Terre Haute it's an actuality. . . . Sunday was spent visiting other relatives and friends. . . . Was photographed at the Stunkards, and marvelled at school teacher Hazel's beauty. Must try to get her to Lone Pine. Local cowboys have not had a break for a long time. . . . Stopped at a confectionery shop in the eastend and admired it's slogan: "We always keep in mind that our customer's memory will last longer than the war!" . . . To Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bucks that evening to learn, of all things, that Bill was at church with his wife and three daughters. Must be a carry over from his youth. Bill and I went to church in years gone by when services were concluded, to date girls, with varying degrees of success. But that's another story, if you're interested. . . . Talked with the Bucks until Bill and his family came home. Obviously and fortunately his three daughters have acquired their mother's good looks. Envied him the ease and affection three girls retired to bed, as compared to three buckaroos. It was a pleasure to be ensconced in such a Republican stronghold. If Eleanor's ears didn't burn that October night, she is completely calloused. . . . To Terre Haute's Western Union the next day to introduce myself to Manager Harry Hassinger, who telegraphed years ago in that same office with Lone Pine's Western Union Manager, Frank L. Goodwin. Incidentally, Goodwin was born at Ernie Pyle's Dana, 25 miles north. . . Out North Lafayette Avenue to J. H. Fugate's to see my first childhood sweetheart, the sole one unkissed. Unable to correct the situation as she was married to a lumber dealer residing in Waveland, and the mother of two boys. . . . This was all very boring to Rusty. . . . Tuesday, another perfect day. With Dad to shoot Kodachromes of vivid Hoosier fall colorings and covered wagon bridges in and about Poland, Bowling Green and the Eel River bottoms. . . Returned to Brazil to call on the dad of Lone Pine's Bill Phegley. He took us down in his cellar stacked to the floorjoists with the coming winter's supply of coal, and shelves sagging under the weight of hundreds of jars of beautiful home-canned foods, representing countless hours of summer and fall labor on the part of hard working wife Annie. . . . . To visit Aunt Elizabeth, now married, the widow of the best uncle I ever had: Willie Henderson. . . . That night, another full house for a lengthy showing of motion pictures (Note to Lone Pine readers: If this is dull reading, it should be soothing to know that the home town daily, in a full column the next day, characterized this writer as "Lone Pine's One-Man Chamber of Commerce"). Included in that night's group was my fourth and fifth grade teacher, Jennie Hopkins. I

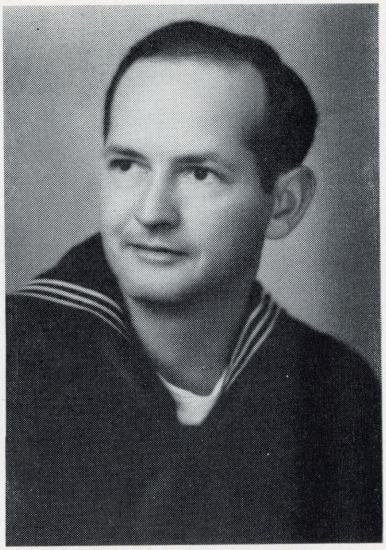
told her she was one of the best elementary school teachers I ever had. Correction: She was THE best elementary school teacher I ever had! What a pain I must have been to her at times! Of many pleasantries in her classes, how well I remember the time that Henry Ford established the minimum wage of $5.00 per 8-hour day and my belief in its justification. Also, the Woman's Suffrage movement was then at its climax and my outspoken contempt for voting women. Looking back at the past 12 years, rather leads me to believe that the 10-year old was probably right. Now, I am inclined to believe that teacher Jennie Hopkins deliberately baited me at times. During 1½ years in her classroom, she benevolently arranged for me to always be seated adjacent to sweetheart Zelma and at a suitable distance from Johnnie Torbert, who was forever endeavoring to muscle-in on what I jealously regarded, although excessively bashful to defend, as my private property. From the foot of Mt. Whitney, a reminiscent toast to Jennie Hopkins! . . . Escorted cousin Bertha Wyatt home through a crisp October moonlight, the sidewalks ankledeep in autumn leaves. Her only son, Edward, off to the war in the Army Air Corps. Left her at the same door at 142 N. Washington, where more than two decades before, I was quiely, very quietly, bidding Lucile a sentimental adios hours after deadline—and accidently leaned against the doorbell, the clangiest damned door bell in the State of Indiana! . . . Next day to Rotary luncheon for a scheduled talk that definitely fell miles short of the Cla-Co-Roto-Grams bombastic announcement: "It will pack a wallop." . . . Evening dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Levi Louderbacks, hail and hearty 82 and 81-year oldsters, as evidenced by Mrs. Louderback's recently tumbling down a full flight of cellar stairs. Picking herself up, she indulged in self-congratulations on going through that miraculously without

" . . OLD TINTYPES . . "

injury, and then, dismayed that she must be too numb to feel pain, for as she climbed the stairs, one leg was shorter than the other. But she found, to her relief, that she had merely knocked a heel off one shoe. Among other things of interest, Levi showed us a bible presented

to him more than 50 years before by my maternal grandfather, T. C. Worthington, in commemoration of his induction into the Masonic order. . . Then to a night football game between Brazil High and Terre Haute Tech, ending in a scoreless tie. The home towners had victory virtually cinched in the closing minutes with the ball on the 1-foot line and four downs to go—and failed. Vastly amused at literal tears of anguish on the cheeks of some of the disappointed youngsters. . . . The final night in Brazil was spent in rummaging through the old family Bible, tintypes and old photographs, and questioning Dad on events of his more than 65 years in Brazil. Rusty took a shine to grand-dad's old guitar, whereupon it was presented to him, but only upon my conditions that handling it on the trains, in the hotels and all, would be his sole responsibility. . . . Thursday morning: Up bright and early to start back to Lone Pine. First down to the old home on South Walnut to take a movie of Rusty seated on the same steps as myself and brother Tom, 35 years before (March SAWDUST). . . . Next, to interrogate a couple of florists a few doors apart, relative to an undelivered funeral piece more than a year before, that I had just learned, had placed me in the dog house. . . . Thence to Terre Haute and aboard the C&EI for windy Chicago. Waved a fond and misty-eyed farewell to Dad, standing by his car as the long train jerkily got under way. . . . Thus ended 10 days of a perfect visit in perfect weather. As lengthy as this account is, of a necessity we have omitted many names and many pleasantries that shall be long remembered. . . . Tarry awhile, there is still the trip back to the High Sierra of California. Into Chicago at mid-afternoon and to hotel reservations arranged by the U. S. Gypsum Company. . . . Thence to Marshall Fields to purchase my first overcoat in 20 years. Endeavored to buy one for Rusty, to his mortification and later vocal relief, when even Marshall Fields had none to fit. . . . Up the steps of the elevated at Wabash and Randolph to await the North Shore train for Wilmette. . . Admonished Rusty for dropping objects with remarkable accuracy on passersby on the walks below. . . . Given a thrill by an inebriated individual attempting to board an elevated train still in motion. He thought a window was the door and he spun like a top as he tried to regain his balance by leaning against cars that were not stationary. When they did stop, he fell flat on his face on the planked platform with a resounding splatter. . . . Aboard the North Shore to Wilmette, more than an hour's ride, and to the home of Lionel Lightner, whose wife, my cousin Betty, the mother of two, was recovering from her second leg fracture, this time from a bit more sensible cause. This sensible fracture was the result of sliding into third base. She was always one to never be tagged out. . . Betty's brother Jimmie arrived shortly, after a long ride from Chicago's south side. Just a youngster, but an honorably discharged veteran of the North African campaign and recently returned from a tour of War Bond drives. . . . Their mother, Hermione, was also there. How becoming she was! . . . Back

to Chicago with Jimmie, getting off the North Shore at the Merchandise Mart, where the Lone Pine yokels gazed in open-mouthed awe down the blocks-long corridors of the largest building not Government owned. . . Thence, with Jimmie across a Chicago River bridge to a Wacker Drive tower where he piloted us by the night elevator to the 34th floor. Rusty helped us view Chicago from the four sides of the tower, sprawled for miles, and at midnight in full bloom with myriads of colorful lights. . . Out the next morning for breakfast with Seaman Ernest F. Lasky. . . . To the U. S. Gypsum offices for a cordial two-hours visit. Among other things, we were shown the private office of President Avery Sewell. The most prominent object on his desk was a statue of a trumpeting elephant. . . . To lunch with Jimmie Hill and then to Lincoln Park. . . . Tramped for hours, showing Rusty the zoo, aquarium, monkey farm and all, much as my dad had conducted Tom and myself when very young. . . . Rusty spent huge sums for popcorn and peanuts to feed the livestock and I smilingly commented to Ernest that he was spending his money like a drunken sailor. Sailor Ernest quietly inquired if all sailors got drunk. . . . Back to the hotel and thence to the C&NW station to board the "City of Los Angeles." . . . Ernest helped carry our bags, although true to his bargain, Rusty lugged his guitar, and we settled down for the long ride back to Lone Pine, deeply touched that Ernest could not accompany us to the place where he was born and raised. . . . Next day on the train, we surprisingly encountered personable Jeanie Putnam, en route to Pasadena from New York. She spent much of that day with us and tried to interest Rusty in some conundrums that he couldn't solve. He shrugged them off with the comment that they were too much like school. . . . Jeanie joined us in the diner for a trio of New York cuts, which Rusty didn't go for because of their rareness. Jeanie beat me to the check, and much to my mortification, paid it. . .



SEAMAN ERNEST F. LASKY

Sunday morning saw us at Los Angeles' Union Station where we were met by Mr. and Mrs. Dow, Mother, Tom and Tommy Lee. Everlastingly doing good things for other people, the Dows whisked us to Lone Pine to keep a pre-arranged 6:00 o'clock appointment with some Navy officers about to place some contracts. With a jolt, I realized the reverie was ended.

BEHIND THE BANDSAW

Minister: "I was rather surprised to hear that you were thinking of marriage again, Mrs. Jones. Let me see—this is the fifth time, isn't it?"

Mrs. Jones (defiantly): "Yes, and as often as Heaven takes 'em, so will I."

—SD—

"I don't want any callers this afternoon," said the boss to the office boy. "If they say their business is important just tell them that's what they all say."

That afternoon a lady called and insisted on seeing the boss.

"But I am his wife," she exclaimed.

"That's what they all say," came the office boy's reply.

—SD—

"Your leg," wrote a local school boy in an anatomy test, "is what if you ain't got two pretty fair ones you can't get to first base, and neither can your sister."

—SD—

"As I understand the case," said his honor, "you and your husband had an argument and you were kicked in the ensuing rumpus."

"No, sah, Jedge," replied Mandy. "Ah was kicked in de stummick."

—SD—

Father: "I don't like to see that sailor kissing you like that!"

Daughter: "Aw, give him a chance, Dad. He's only a beginner."

—SD—

"Why dearie, the boys run after my kisses."

"So what? After mine, they limp."

Wife (to drunken husband): "Dear, let's go to bed."

Husband: "Might as well. I'll catch hell when I get home anyway."

—SD—

"F-e-e-t," the teacher declaimed. "What does that spell, Johnny?"

"I dunno."

"What is it that a cow has four of and I have only two?"

So Johnny told her.

—SD—

It was a race between the stork and the ambulance, and the stork won on the hospital lawn.

Eventually the husband received a bill including the item: "Delivery room, $25."

He wrote a hot letter, insisting his wife had never been in the delivery room.

Back came another bill carrying a correction: "Greens Fees—$25."

—SD—

A veteran paratrooper was telling a dear old lady about parachute landings. "I really don't see how you hang from that silk thing?" she said. "The suspense must be terrible."

"No ma'am," he replied. "It's when the suspense ain't there that it's terrible."

—SD—

Their cars having collided, Jock and Pat were surveying the situation. Jock offered Pat a drink from his bottle. Pat drank and Jock returned the bottle to his pocket.

Pat: "Thank ye, Jock, but aren't ye going to have a bit of a nip yourself?"

Jock: "Aye, mon, that I will, but not until the police have come."

Oddities

A SYRACUSE THIEF WHO STOLE AN AUTO TIRE RETURNED IT THE NEXT DAY WITH A NOTE EXPLAINING IT WAS THE WRONG SIZE.

A MAN ACCOMPANYING A SICK FRIEND TO A HOSPITAL FELL FROM THE AMBULANCE AND WAS FATALLY INJURED.

AN AVERAGE OF 20,000 SPOONS, KNIVES AND FORKS DISAPPEAR EVERY MONTH FROM WASHINGTON, D.C. CAFETERIAS.

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No. 73

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